

# THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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## MARGERY DAW.

I'm in love, but I've never told her,  
Never told the maiden I love;  
I lie in the long green grass and behold her,  
As she swings all day in the boughs above.  
I'm a student with toil o'erladen,  
And a student ever should books prefer,  
But she's such a darling, dainty maiden,  
My thoughts go swinging away with her.

See saw!

Margery Daw!  
Up in the apple tree Margery swings;  
And I, lying under,  
Watch her, and wonder  
What is the ditty that Margery sings.

And she goes swinging, and I go slaving,  
Turning the leaves of a musty book,  
But surely that was her white hand waving,  
And surely that was my darling's look.  
A perfect fortress of books I sit in,  
Ethics, economy, politics, law,  
But all the pages I vow were written  
By that little philosopher, Margery Daw.

See saw!

Margery Daw!  
Up in the apple tree Margery swings;  
And I, lying under,  
Watch her and wonder  
What is the ditty that Margery sings.

The light is fading, the day grown older,  
And now the western sun is gone,  
And Margery, I no more behold her;  
In the deep cool grass I lie alone.  
For Margery, she was a sunbeam only,  
And I was a fool for all my pains,  
But whenever I'm sad and whenever I'm lonely,  
Back comes Margery, back again.

See saw!

Margery Daw!  
Up in the apple tree Margery swings;  
For "Life's a dream,  
And love's a shadow,"  
And that is the ditty that Margery sings.  
—F. E. Weatherly, in Temple Bar.

## Americans as Bugaboos.

There is in Guadalajara an American missionary named Watkins who has told some very foolish stories about the local preachers that they in turn have sought to create a prejudice against Americans. They, in retaliation and, no doubt, instigated by those whose interest it is to keep Americans out of Mexico, have openly preached against our people, and, strange as it may seem, have actually made the more ignorant believe that the Americans steal and eat the children of the country and advise parents to guard well their little ones. One of the effects of this was seen the other day in Guadalajara, where arrived a party of engineers for one of the railroads. They sauntering out from their hotel in the rough dress they assumed, big hats, pants in their boots, red sashes about their waists that open at the neck with wide collars, were observed by the people, who gathered about them to the number of 200. When it was soon whispered that they were a party of the child-eaters they had been told of, stones were thrown, and had it not been that a considerable party took them into his store, shut the doors and sent for the police, who in turn sent for the troops, who dispersed the mob, lives would have been lost. The same report has come to Tepic, and just now the American residents are looked upon as cannibals, except by the more intelligent. Indeed, in passing through the streets I have seen mothers gather their children close until I passed by, as though I was an ogre, instead of the benign-looking old gentleman I supposed myself to be, and upon returning to my home I have been forced to exclaim, like Nicodemus, "How can these things be?"—*Tepic (Mexico) Letter.*

## Does It Pay?

Any one with a wide acquaintance among representative business men must have noted with saddened heart that over-devotion to business which kills almost as swiftly and surely as the excesses of the drunkard or the dangers of the more fatal callings of human industry. That cities are a constant drain upon the mass of human existence has long been a truism, no longer even debatable; to live the artificial life of cities needs courage, prudence and cheerfulness to enable one to reach the full term of life suitable to his constitution and inherited vitality. But there are among us to-day hundreds of amiable, industrious and intelligent men who drag to their daily round of duties frames racked with pain, brains fevered with care and sleeplessness, nerves quivering with weariness and excitement, and hearts burdened with the apprehension of fast-approaching death.

But few, indeed, are blind to their condition, and nearly all have again and again been warned by their friends and medical advisers of the need of rest, the benefits of a change of air, scene and occupation; the added vigor of body, nerve and brain, to be derived from communion with Nature, and invigorating sport and exercises. Yet the sufferer turns again to his task, and goes home too weary to be happy with wife and child; and too often so exhausted as to receive benefit from neither food nor rest. He would not dream of using horse or dog as he uses himself. On the morrow he returns to his labors unrested and unrefreshed, and striving in vain to make up for the deficiencies of a whole corps of employees, labors to the last hour of light, and goes home again with all the cares, annoyances and apprehensions of the day weighing him down to the earth.

Is any gain of wealth, any success or mercantile standing worthy of the price? Has any one a right to sell his birthright of health and joy and human love, for riches or reputation bought at the cost of his ripest, richest and most useful years? Can so senseless a code of business duty be approved or looked upon with patience? On every hand may be noted the unfailing signs which tell of over-toil, half-developed physique, and vitality sapped long before its period of natural decay. Alcohol has generally little to do with such cases; nicotine is as frequently unindicated as a hurtful agent, and other excesses are negated by a reputation for business devotion and social worth, which is generally unexceptional. The intelligent reader will have no difficulty in answering the question, "Does over-work pay?"—*Boston Transcript.*

## The Mexican Burro.

Doubtless God might have made a more sagacious creature than a burro; but doubtless God never did. It is impossible to speak of these Mexican donkeys in adequate terms. They are philosophers, wits, shrewd in affairs; at once stolid and brilliant; capable of heroic endurance, and absolutely destitute of moral principles. They pass me in droves of three or four, almost hidden beneath loads of wood that they bring in from the country roundabout. A mysterious bond of union exists between the leader of each drove—a wonderfully clever fellow—and the Mexican who slouches along behind them, picturesque in color, rags and native dirt. Two narrow streets cross just here and it follows that a burro coming down any one of them has here three ways to choose among. But the wise old donkey in the lead never makes a mistake. With a knowing wag of his long ears he turns into the right way. Sometimes the stupid burro or the young burro, characters usually found in each drove, attempts at this corner to go wrong. The Mexican never argues the matter with him. Solemnly, impartially, as one who does a duty, the Mexican steps up and thumps that donkey with a club until he has clubbed him into repentance and a better mind. While this performance goes on the rest of the little company halt. The leader gives one inimitable glance over his shoulder, then droops his head and thinks. His thought is written upon his expressive face; it is of the time when he was also clubbed because of the error of his ways. If it is the young donkey who is suffering correction there is in the leader's eyes a mild light of hope; in time, through much clubbing, wisdom may come. But if it is the stupid donkey he looks only wearily resigned. He knows that the beating, however much it may relieve the Mexican's mind, is but a sheer waste of time. When the matter has been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the procession moves on. You would hardly know them for the same donkeys when they come back without their loads, or carrying on their pack-saddles only the trifle which the Mexican has bought to take home with him. Even the staid leader is half disposed to be frisky, the stupid donkey seems to be meditating upon some silly joke, and the young donkey goes wrong at all the corners just for the fun of having a row. A burro is a creature to admire, to reverence, at all times; but to see him at his very best you must see him just after he has been eased of his load.—*Cor. Philadelphia News.*

—Ex-Governor Tilden enjoys an income of \$1,000 a day.

## Thirteen Full-Grown Men Quietly Robbed by a Mellow-Voiced Brigand.

H. M. Burton, the alleged stage robber, who was arrested in Pueblo and brought to Denver, had his preliminary examination before Judge Brazee yesterday afternoon. Burton is charged with robbing the stage running between Del Norte and Alamosa about midnight on the night of June 29. The robbery was one of the most audacious in the annals of highway robbery, and links the name of the perpetrator with that of Billy Le Roy. The story of the deed is best told in the words of J. B. McMillan, of Del Norte, one of the victims of the robbery, and who was the first and principal witness for the prosecution in the examination of yesterday. He said in substance:

"There were eight men and one woman inside the coach, and four men beside the driver on top. I was among the latter, sitting beside the driver. It was about midnight, I should think, and about twenty miles from Del Norte, when we were halted. It was very dark, and we were just turning a bend in the road when the word came to halt. There was only one man visible, to the left and about ten feet ahead of the coach. The robber was standing behind a piece of canvas stretched alongside the road, and had a revolver pointed directly at myself and the driver. He told us calmly to deliver ourselves and he would not harm us, but that if we made a bad break he would shoot. I was on the side next to the robber, and I immediately got down from my seat followed by the driver. After we got down the robber came from behind the canvas and placed over our heads a cloth cap, which came down to our shoulders and completely blinded us. He then ordered us to stand still, and himself went to the stage door and ordered the occupants to come out, one at a time, and take their positions in line alongside the driver and myself. He told the passengers not to make any unnecessary movements, as they were all covered by the guns of his men in concealment, and their lives were in jeopardy. After the passengers were all in line, he put caps similar to mine over their faces, tied their hands behind their backs, and then proceeded to rifle their pockets. He took nothing but money. Everything else he would replace just where he got it from. I do not know how much money he got. From me he got about \$140, which he took from my pocketbook, replacing the pocketbook after taking the money out. He had a light burning in front of the canvas, behind which was a reflector, which shed the rays directly in our faces. He occupied about fifteen minutes in the search. He then ordered us to kneel, which we did, all in a row, and he proceeded to rifle the mail-bags. The woman, at his bidding, held the light for him while he did this. He opened only two sacks, I believe. He kept us kneeling about half an hour. He kept talking all the time, using good language. In fact, during the whole time of the robbery he was very gentlemanly. He had a soft, mellow voice. He was not nervous or quick, but did the work in a businesslike manner. He was a man nearly six feet in height, smooth face, had a heavy light mustache, and would weigh perhaps 165 pounds. He had on a dark hat and coat, and was not disguised in any way. After he had robbed the mail he skipped off into the darkness. When we found he had left, we removed our caps, untied each others' hands, picked up the remnants of the mail-bags and the mail, and proceeded on to Alamosa. It is my opinion now that he did the work alone, and that his comrades being in the bushes was all a hoax."—*Denver Republican.*

## An Alleged Fenian Torpedo Ram.

Mr. H. Hubbe, of 178 Broadway, was the engineer that Delamater & Co. put in charge of the construction of John P. Holland's torpedo ram when the inventor first applied to them in May, 1879. He said yesterday:

"I have dissolved my connection with Delamater & Co., but I know Mr. Holland very well, and did all the engineering work for him on the torpedo ram. Holland is wide awake, and a very clever man. The boat is an undoubted success, and I am very glad of it, not only because her construction was carried on under my direction, but because I am glad to see that the idea which Holland has so long championed

has at last been carried through to a practical success. This ram is propelled by a twenty-horse power Brayton motor which can be run with kerosene, naphtha, or petroleum. One of these motors has been put into a launch which belongs to a friend of mine, and he makes ten miles an hour all day long on less than ten gallons of kerosene. The machines are very powerful. There is one point about Holland's ram that I know nothing about—his invention for purifying the air. The very engineer he has on board of her is ignorant of his secret, and he's too shrewd to allow it to slip out. There is no secret, however, about his torpedo. It is shot through a tube in the bow like a ball from a rifle, after the method invented by John Ericsson. The inside of the boat is filled with machinery. She is steered by the aft rudder by means of a lever, but the side rudders are worked by complicated machinery. These side or horizontal rudders enable her to shoot up or down at any angle in the water, and are very essential."

"How long can a man stay under water with her?"

"About five hours would be the maximum. The speed attainable is not more than seven miles an hour below the surface. It's very hot inside, with all the machinery clicking about one's ears and the steaming motors under one's very feet; but the water inside is cold, and serves to equalize the temperature. The jacket about the man trap has two windows fore and aft, and two on each side, so that a man can put his head up there when he steers and look right into the heart of the river. The glass is an inch and a half thick in this jacket to resist the heavy pressure. The principle on which the boat is constructed is well known and thoroughly tested."

"Who paid for the boat?"

"The Fenian John J. Breslin was at the yard every day, and watched the work with the utmost care; but I am not prepared to state, in fact, I don't know, whether he paid for her or not. I only know that he was constantly on hand. I have been out of town for some time, or I should have gone down in her. I will go as soon as I get an invitation from her inventor, for I believe in her all the way through."

A Paterson Land Leaguer and former neighbor of Mr. Holland says he has made a submarine trip with Mr. Holland in the boat. "It was on the 15th of July," he said to a *Sun* reporter yesterday. "We started down near Judge Van Brunt's place, and went fully half a mile under water. Holland made the boat do just what he wanted it to do. There is a dial on one side that denotes the water pressure and the depth below the surface. He can keep a level course at any depth he desires, and can ascend or descend at will. Another gauge indicates the steam pressure. Still another shows the speed and direction of the vessel. It was a hot day, but the air was fresh and pure in the boat, though we were under water for an hour. The light that came in through the bull's-eye lookout made everything plainly visible inside. We sailed at a depth of sixteen feet from the surface, and could see everything in the water for some distance. It was a sort of twilight. We saw the bottoms of steamboats and sailing vessels beneath which we passed. Only once was it dark, and then we ran into a mud bank at the bottom. That sent up a cloud of sediment that turned the water into ink, and it was some minutes after we ascended a little that we ran out into clear water. The torpedoes are pushed out from the inside by an ingenious arrangement so quickly that with six wooden "dummies" only three quarts of water get into the forward compartment. That can easily be pumped out again, for the boat is raised and lowered by letting water into the compartments or pumping it out again. The exploding torpedo does no harm to the ram. Several real torpedoes have already been discharged from it. It could blow up any ship that floats. Holland is an Irishman, and that is probably the cause of the Fenian story; but that is all there is in it. Holland could sell the boat as it floats to one or two of three European Governments for \$150,000. His offers have come from five comparatively small countries."

The Custom House authorities are considering whether the vessel is not liable to seizure for being without a license or name, and for carrying no lights at night.—*N. Y. Sun.*